Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pities wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the sunne with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.
Marcus. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my passios bottomlesse with them.
Marcus. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigswolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for loosers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And

9. possibilities

And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes their sports: Thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my hart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deepe a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Marc. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake.
Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farewell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sonnes heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter heere?
Thy other banisht sonne with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent of thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemie,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?

 For

2 Thy griefe — 24 Rent off —

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